



MASSEY HALL

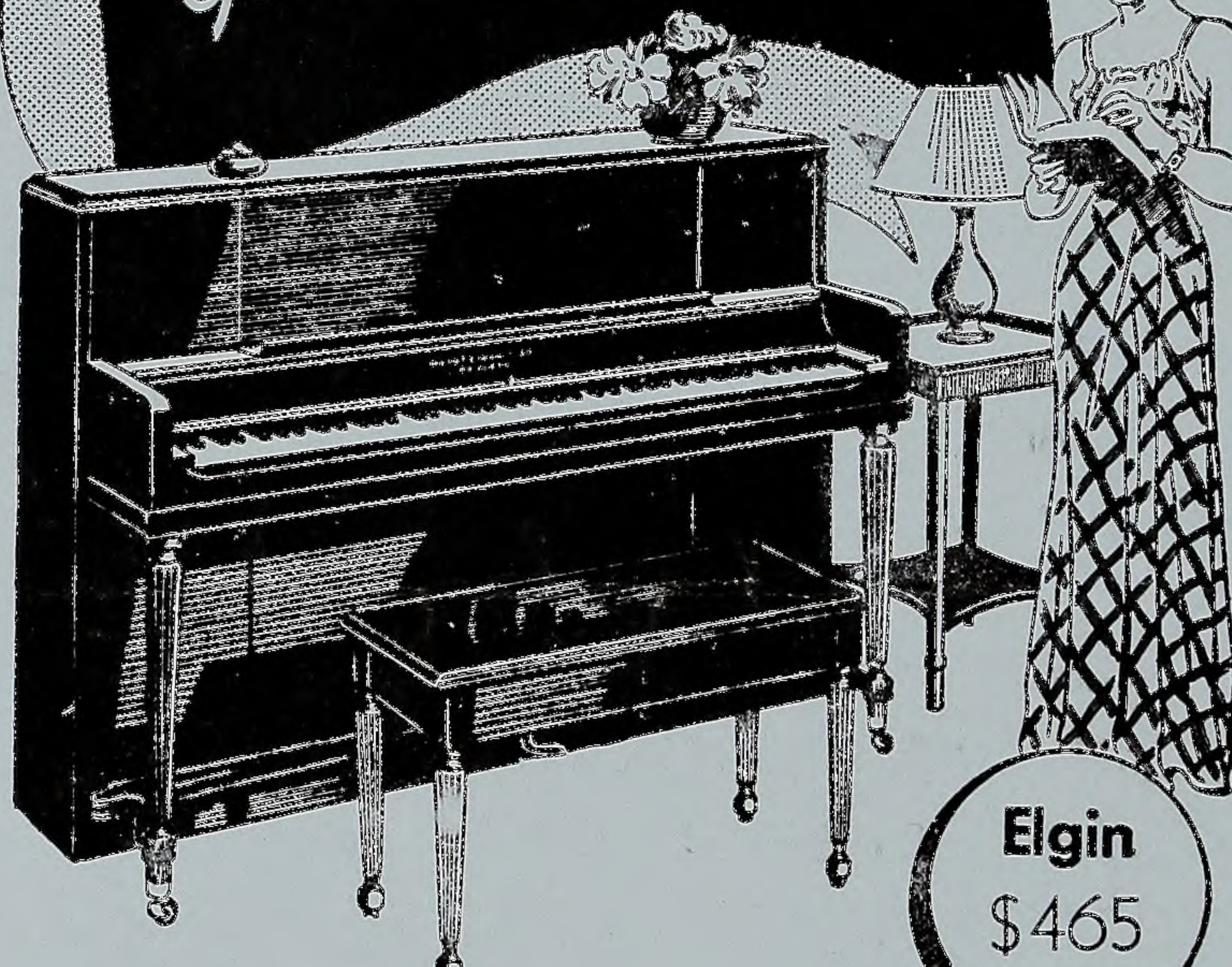
TORONTO

1940-1941

Toronto Symphony Orchestra

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 21st., 1941



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herd who has lost his way strays into the lively movement of the Fête." Then to the exquisitely scored Musette, "the shepherd suddenly perceives the humble serving-maid, who, having finished preparing the feast, conceals herself from the nobleman." (In this evening's performance two short movements here are omitted in which "moved by a tender feeling the shepherd advances towards her. The feast is now partaken by the company, after which they stray into the woods. The black

lackeys then execute a droll measure with great agility"). In the graceful Gavotte "the noblemen returning are indignant, observing the love passages between the shepherd and the humble serving-maid." There is a short Dramaticco (omitted in this performance), "the movement when the shepherd and the humble serving-maid doff their rags and reveal themselves as two divinities who have descended on earth," and the final jovial and characteristic Bourée gives us the Gods.

CANTATA—Dona Nobis Pacem - - - Vaughan Williams
For Soprano and Baritone Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra.

I

*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
Dona nobis pacem.*

II

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through the doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field, or gathering in his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for the sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

WALT WHITMAN.

III

RECONCILIATION

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly, wash again and ever again
this soiled world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

WALT WHITMAN.

IV

DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking
Down a new-made double grave.



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The program of the seventh subscription concert will be discussed by Dr. F. J. Horwood at the next two regular Monday lectures in the West Hall of Toronto Conservatory of Music. The lectures commence at 12 noon. Admission to individual lectures is 50 cents. These lectures are sponsored by the Women's Committee on Musical Appreciation.

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MASSEY HALL, TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1941

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans, son and father, dropped together,
And the double grave awaits them.

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,
'Tis some mother's large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

WALT WHITMAN.

V

The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one as of old to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Dona nobis pacem.

We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble! The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land and those that dwell therein.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.
Is there no balm of Gilead?; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?

JEREMIAH VIII. 15-22.

'O man great beloved, fear not, peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong.'

DANIEL X. 19.

'The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former and in this place will I give peace.'

HAGGAI II. 9.

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VI

'Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.
And none shall make them afraid, neither shall the sword go through their land.
Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven.
Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will go into them.
Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled; and let them hear,
and say, it is the truth.
And it shall come, that I will gather all nations and tongues.
And they shall come and see my glory. And I will set a sign among them, and they shall
declare my glory among the nations.
For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, so shall
your seed and your name remain for ever.'
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

(Adapted from Micah iv. 3, Leviticus xxvi. 6, Psalms lxxxv. 10, and cxviii. 19,
Isaiah xliii. 9, and lxvi. 18-22, and Luke ii. 14.)

Dona nobis pacem.

INTERMISSION

ST. PAUL'S SUITE, for strings - - - - - *Holst*
Jig—Ostinato—Intermezzo—Finale

"Gustav Holst was a great composer, a great teacher, and a great friend. These are really only different aspects of the same thing—his pupils were his friends, his friends were always learning from him, his music made friends for him all over the world even among those who had never seen him, and will continue to make more friends for him in the years to come."—Vaughan Williams.

In the summer of 1912 the new music wing at St. Paul's Girls' School in Hammersmith was opened, and Holst, the Director of Music, returned to find what he had always wanted, a large sound-proof room with double windows, two pianos, a writing-desk wide enough for the fullest score, and a system of central heating—a room where he could compose in

silence and solitude. That room was to have a most profound influence on the rest of his life. The first thing he wrote there was the St. Paul's Suite, written for and dedicated to the orchestra of the school. The orchestra was originally for strings only, but almost before Holst had finished the Suite, he was having to write in ad. lib. wood-wind parts. He was the sort of teacher who might make a good wind-player out of the most stupid pianist, and as soon as any pupil could play a few notes with safety, Holst would allow her to join the orchestra and would write a special part for her.

Nowadays the charming Suite, with its homely tunes, is usually played in its original form.

ENGLAND - - - - - *Ernest MacMillan*

An Ode by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Set to music for Soprano and Baritone Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra.

By permission of the publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

Although the composer would naturally have you listen to this as a piece of music and not as a piece of circumstance, it must be told that the work was written while he was interned as a prisoner of war in Ruhleben camp, and was intended as the "exercise" for the Oxford Mus.Doc. degree. We can know little of the impossible conditions in which he must have worked; but we can remember with pride that he should have chosen such a poem at such a time, and that he should have made such music "till again the deathless dawn of

England rose again in sign that right should reign."

The work was completed on April 15, 1918, submitted to the authorities at Oxford, and the degree of Mus.Doc. conferred on the young composer "in absentia."

The form of the work is, of course, partly determined by the particular Oxford requirements, and so begins with an overture in sonata form, a separate piece in itself, though much of the material there presented is later developed throughout the entire work.

When the Mendelssohn Choir first performed the work with the Philadelphia Orchestra in April, 1921, the composer sent the following short note: "Of the two 'England' themes the first (which forms the principal subject of the overture) may be said to typify England in action—England as a force in the world at large. The second, which appears at the beginning of Part One, and also forms the subject of the fugue 'all our past, etc.' represents, on the other hand, the stability of England.

"A subsidiary phrase used in the overture, and later expanded, is used in connection with the idea of freedom and liberation from slavery. Other phrases, appearing from time to time, and the opening theme of Part Two, suggest gentler aspects of England—the England that the Englishman loves. Of this na-

ture is the second subject of the overture, which does not, however, appear in the choral part of the work.

"These themes undergo various transformations—none of them of a very intricate nature. The action theme appears sometimes in the recapitulation of the overture, when it is given out by tympani. In the women's chorus, 'where the footfall sounds of England,' two horns have the theme.

"At the end of the work (after the last words) we have this theme in 6-4 time in combination with the 'freedom' theme.

"Of course, it is natural that the 'stability' theme shall form the subject of a fugue which has for its climax the words "England yet shall stand!"

I

Sea and strand, and a lordlier land than sea-tides rolling and rising sun
Clasp and lighten in climes that brighten with day when day that was here is done,
Call aloud on their children, proud with trust that future and past are one.

Far and near from the swan's nest here the storm-birds bred of her fair white breast,
Sons whose home was the sea-wave's foam, have borne the fame of her east and west;
North and south has the storm-wind's mouth rung praise of England and England's quest.

Fame, wherever her flag flew, never forebore to fly with an equal wing:
France and Spain with their warrior train bowed down before her as thrall to king;
India knelt at her feet, and felt her sway more fruitful of life than spring.

Darkness round them as iron bound fell off from races of elder name,
Slain at sight of her eyes, whose light freedom lighten and burn as flame;
Night endures not the touch that cures of kingship tyrants, and slaves of shame.

All the terror time, where error and fear were lords of a world of slaves,
Age on age in resurgent rage and anguish darkening as waves on waves,
Fell or fled from a face that shed such grace as quickens the dust of graves.

Things of night at her glance took flight: the strengths of darkness recoiled and sank:
Sank the fires of the murderous pyres whereon wild agony writhed and shrank:
Rose the light of the reign of right from gulfs of years that the darkness drank.

Yet the might of her wings in flight, whence glory lightens and music rings,
Loud and bright as the dawn's, shall smite and still the discord of evil things,
Yet not slain by her radiant reign, but darkened now by her sail-stretched wings.

II

Music made of change and conquest, glory born of evil slain,
Stilled the discord, slew the darkness, bade the lights of tempest wane,
Where the deathless dawn of England rose in sign that right should reign.

* * * * *

Justice bright as mercy, mercy girt by justice with her sword,
Smote and saved and raised and ruined, till the tyrant-ridden horde
Saw the lightning fade from heaven and knew the sun for God and lord.

Where the footfall sounds of England, where the smile of England shines,
Rings the tread and laughs the face of freedom, fair as hope divines
Days to be, more brave than ours and lit by lordlier stars for signs.

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand.

MASSEY HALL, TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1941

III

From the springs of the dawn, from the depths of the noon, from the heights of the night that shine,
Hope, faith, and remembrance of glory that found but in England her throne and her shrine,
Speak louder than song may proclaim them, that here is the seal of them set for a sign.

And loud as the sea's voice thunders applause of the land that is one with the sea
Speaks Time in the ear of the people that never at heart was not inly free
The word of command that assures us of life, if we will but that life shall be;

If the race that is first of the races of men who behold unashamed the sun
Stand fast and forget not the sign that is given of the years and the wars that are done,
The token that all who are born of its blood should in heart as in blood be one.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

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Overture, "Carnival"*Dvorak*
Nutcracker Suite*Tschaikowsky*
London Symphony
(1st Movement)*Vaughan Williams*
Concerto in A minor, for piano
and orchestra*Grieg*
Serenade for Strings*Haydn*
Waltz, from the Symphonic Suite *Robert Farnon*
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